



**goons.**

**cl3rks**

## goons. by cl3rks

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Actions that are meant to be threatening that dont really come off as such, F/M, Minor Violence, Swearing, Tall!Reader, gender specific, might make this into a series?, ps this is dumb and they're both pieces of shit, this is p self indulgent, why am i writin this

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Bowers Gang, Henry Bowers, Patrick Hockstetter, Reader, You

**Relationships:** Henry Bowers/Reader, Patrick Hockstetter/Reader

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**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 901

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

They should learn to pick on somebody their own size.

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### Author's Note:

keep in mind, i say this is self indulgent as being a tall!reader x reader bc its the height. im 5'10 but i write the reader as 6'0 cause i wanted her to be taller than The Boys. also, there isn't really a relationship thing here. she just kinda interacts with them. (also keep in mind that i am actually the age of Said Boys so i dont feel weird as shit by writing this tbh?? im not even writing them as dating or anything! BUT if i were older i definitely wouldnt so.)

“I don’t know anyone here, though.” You whined, watching your mom shift her purse onto the passenger’s seat in her shitty old car. “I’m not gonna make new friends, it’s dumb to try.”

“Listen, just find somebody you like – or at least have common interests with! I get it, plucking you from your old school at this age is... not ideal, but your father needed to move for his job.” She told you, watching you roll your eyes at this recurring speech of hers. “A boy, maybe? A group of people, maybe girls? Anyone. I’m sure you can maybe be a cheerleader or join the basketball team, maybe they have volleyball!”

You glanced down at your shoes, shifting your feet against the concrete beneath them. “You’re just saying that because of –“

“You’re tall, alright? You know you are, you’ve always been tall. Embrace it, now’s the time to... these teenage years can be hard. But honey, it’s hard to miss a six-foot girl walking down the street.” She told you softly, the car’s engine making a sound as she shifted gears. “Have a good day, I’ll be back to get you later. Maybe you can drive home?”

You watched the car drive off and wondered, vaguely, if you could get away with skipping. You were already coming in late, the school was expecting you to – it was nearly noon, anyway. Just before lunch, you were told, with the possibility that class would let out and

everyone would be walking around while they got together to find the people they usually sat with.

You huffed, turning sharply towards the front doors. The steel was staring back at you, the glass windows like eyes boring down upon you as you ascended the concrete steps, hand holding the rail just in case you decided to turn back and race down the steps, hiding away behind the bleachers on the baseball field til your mother showed up. You debated it genuinely, then a bell pierced through the air and suddenly the doors were open and people were pouring out with; “Holy shit, I’m riding on your handlebars! I don’t have the energy to run home for lunch then run back in time.”

You watched clusters of kids your age race past you and thunder down the steps as many more people thundered behind and beside them. You heard a kid scream and for a second thought it was just because of the chance they’d gotten trampled, but some kid with something akin to a mullet was holding him by his shirt, in his face as his goons stood around him laughing. The lankiest (and tallest) was then passed the terrified teenager, saying something to the younger boy that obviously scared him.

You took a deep breath; *Was this how you wanted to start your new life?* The kid screamed as the goons closed in further and with weighted shoulders, you sighed and trudged further up the stairs. *Yeah, this was exactly how you wanted to start your new life.*

The small teenager that was being surrounded suddenly had another hand on his shirt; yours, and you yanked him hard enough to break him from the bully’s grip and send him down the stairs. The group of goons turned to look at you, their eyes all going up to meet your face. The first two, mullet-kid and the mop headed lanky one, turned to look at you. They raised their eyebrows.

“What the fuck?” The lanky one snapped, glancing at the kid who’d run after you sent him away. “Henry, can you believe this?”

Henry, you assumed to be the one with the mullet, looked at you. He had something shiny in his hand, presumably a weapon, and you found your brain screaming as your brain demanded you take a step back but your body stood stock still, tall as ever.

“Got somethin’ to say?” Henry asked, watching you as he turned towards you. You hadn’t noticed the few people that managed to catch what was going on. They’d probably seen it before, however, as they continued with what they were doing after a few curious glances. Henry presented the knife as he stared at you. “Huh?”

“Why don’t you pick on somebody your own size?” You asked, eyes narrowing as the mop headed one cackled, throwing his head back. You stared at him, teeth gritting at the sound. “Something funny?”

“Patrick, shut up.” One of the other boys muttered, rolling his eyes.

“You’re hilarious. I’ve never seen you before, you new?” Patrick questioned, stepping closer. “Repeat it. I wanna laugh again.”

“I said, ‘pick on somebody your own size,’ you little prick.” You didn’t step back, however, instead you stepped forward. This caused Patrick to actually back up, his feet catching on each other as the boys behind him caught him in his awkward movements. You stared at him, knowing you weren’t exactly the most intimidating creature around. “And get out of my way, I’ve got a damn principal to meet.”

Without another word, you shoved through the small posse of boys and pulled open the door, walking inside and taking long strides down the hall to the sign marked **Office** with a small arrow.

*You’ve fucked up before, but now you’re up shit creek without a damn paddle.* You brain hissed, your legs carrying you to the desk. *Congrats and welcome to Derry High.*

### **Author's Note:**

ps still havent seen this movie so if the way they talk seems off then whoops but i rllly want to see it! spoilers do wonders for keeping up, though.

changing my username soon. (it'll be changed to get\_glitch3d)